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MEMOIRS

Of the Right Villainous

John Hall,

The Late Famous and Notorious

R O B B E R.

Tell'd from his own Mouth sometime before his DEATH.

Containing the Exact Life and Character of a Thief in general. As also a lively Representation of Newgate, and its Inhabitants, with the Manners and Customs observed there. The Nature and Means by which they commit their several Thefts and Robberies, and the distinctions observed in their respective Functions.

To which is added, the Cant generally us'd by those Sort of Creatures to conceal their Villainies; and Rules to avoid being Defrauded or Cheated by them,

Truly set forth for the Good of the Publick, at the Instance of many Honest People. Containing more than any Book of this kind, that was ever Printed.

The Fourth Edition, with large Additions, and a Description of Ludgate, the Compters, and other Prisons for Debt.

L O N D O N: 25

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

THE
PREFACE
TO THE
READER.

IF a Name, (as the Time goes) has that general Influence on the Opinion of the World, to raise their Expectations of something Valuable, the following Sheets have a very promising Foundation, since they are built upon the Merit of a Person (in this Way) that has outdone the Age he lived in, and has left his Memory in great Reputation for the Excellency of his Talent, and necessary to be handed down to Posterity, both for the Usefulness of the Subject, and the Size of his Personal Endowments. There is doubtless as much Skill in pourtraying a Dunghil, as in describing the finest Palace, since the Excellence of

A 2 *Things*

Things lyes in the Performance ; and Art as well as Nature must have some extraordinary Shape or Quality, if it come up to the Pitch of Humane Fancy, especially to please this fickle and uncertain Age. By the same Rule a Monster, as the Ascendant of all it's Fellow Creatures ; for whoever gave a Groat to see the most Beautiful Woman in the World, (that is, upon the meer Condition of obliging that Sense alone,) or any other Creature, tho' of never so regular or commendable a Proportion ? Yet had they been produced with Two Heads, Four Legs, or reduc'd into Monsters, like the Lincolnshire Ox, or a Dutch Burgo-master's Wife, they would have been every Body's Ready Money. 'Tis the same with us, Vice and Virtue make the Auction, where that which is scarcest and extraordinary in its kind generally fetches the best Price ; only the latter may be said to have the Preeminence of being put up first. For Example, ask Shelton which is most apt to stick upon his Hands ; Sodom, with a Title Page, or some Mysterious Piece of Divinity that wants his incomparable Orthodox to shove it

off. Not to draw it into Comparison with other Volumes of the same Title: Let us only say, that if Instruction or Diversion (as I apprehend no other) are the cheif Ends of Writing, it has modestly a Title to the Press, or else that Naturalist lies that says, There is Poison to be suck'd out of Roses, and consequently Honey out of Poison. There is another Thing to acquaint the Reader, something surprizing too, that the Author could neither Write nor Read; yet if we consider how many Authors can but just do't, 'tis easie to conclude that is no such material Point; 'tis only a necessary Perquisite, like a Cobler's Awl, or a Taylor's Thimble, or any other Thing which in Case of Necessity may be dispenced withal; for an Ideot may be taught by Custom to Write and Read; yet no Men can be taught a Genius. And tho' it seems a plain Paradox to say, A Man may Write without being able to Write at all; 'tis certain that a good natural Wit will go a great Way, let the Goose-quill be put into whose Hands it will; 'tis no other-ways than saying that it requires more

a good Head no make a Secretary than a good Hand; and we may at least challenge that Rule, when there are so many great Clerks that are feign to carry Brains for their Masters. 'Tis enough that the Life and Soul of what is Writ here was the Essence and Product of Mr. Hall's Active Genius, however it has been subject to Decorum since; and being fit for the Press, and adjudged a very useful (as well as a diverting) Subject, it is now set forth under the Laudable Title of his Memoirs.

To which in this Edition is added a Description of the Compters, and other Prisons for Debt; with the Characters of the Prisoners therein Entomb'd alive, and the more wretched Jewish Creditors that keep them there.



MEMOIRS

M E M O I R S

Of the Right Villainous

John Hall, &c.

I Hope the World will no more expect Wit from me, than I did Mercy, when I languished under the Fatal Circumstances These were Penn'd in. Had I had more Time I would have endeavour'd to have been more Copious, and set the Matters herein contained in a nearer Light ; but as they are I hope they will atone for some Part of my Offences, by being made Serviceable to the Publick. To begin the History of my own Life would be but the least part of the Design ; and the World may hear enough of that elsewhere ; mine at this Time is to expatiate a little upon the Art of Thieving in general, and therein illustrate some Things that may be both diverting and useful to others, who will give themselves the Curiosity to peruse it.

Tho' I had so little Learning myself, as to be incapable of performing this Work without Help, yet I may without Vanity affirm I had a Genius as well as a Desire of going through it. I knew my Actions had been out of the common Road of my Profession, and that I had rais'd my Fame above a vulgar Pitch, and was therefore willing, as an Argument of my complying with Justice, to leave my Memory record'd for an Act of Oblation, such as doing Service to God and my Countrey, by whom I was Try'd

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and

and Condemn'd; for we never take it into Consideration till that is over, and then suppose it Time enough to be serious; but not to begin where I should end, take first a Character of the Merry Transitory Life of a Thief in general.

He is generally Born of *Good* and *Honest* Parents, who gave him Pious and Wholesome Education, (tho' I can't say they brought him up to better Purpose,) and designed him for something extraordinary, (as indeed it often happens,) if he had not taken ill Courses; but being trained up very Idly and Heathenishly, and being indulged in Stubbornness and Disobedience, as the Joy and Darling of his Doating Parents, he begins first with the little Sins that Youth is capable of committing, (which is Lying and Pilfering,) and for fear the poor Child should be daunted by Correction in some little witty Tricks of his, very pleasing in their Eyes, e'en let him go on, to improve himself in his dear pretty Actions, till he takes the Talent as Naturally as he did the Breast, and finds it as difficult to be wean'd from it; this is the first Step to the Gallows, which in Time claims its due. With these Qualifications the Child launches out into the World, but finding the difference between the Natural Indulgence and Liberty at home, and the Restraint and Severity abroad, it makes him weary of his Condition, and therefore (if an Apprentice) he runs away from his Master, and when Necessity (which makes more Rogues than Inclination) presses him, he has a Trade in his Belly, and begins to put in Practice what before he had only the Theorick of. It is some Time before he arrives at any tolerable Perfection; and he is never thought worthy of being Incorporated into a Gang till he has done some responsible

Piece of Villany to deserve it ; and not then without passing Examination before the most Celebrated of his Companions, and conforming to the necessary Rules of their Dextrous Commonwealth, for which the having been twice in *Newgate* is the main Qualification : And now being made a compleat Master of his Trade, he may live on any Ground in *England* : His Life has generally the most Mirth and the least Care in it of any Man's Breathing, and all he deals for is clear Profit : He has that Point of good Conscience, that he always sells as he buys, a good Pennyworth, which is something rare, since he Trades with so small a Stock. The *Fence* and he, are like the Devil and the Doctor, they live by one another, and, like Traitors, 'tis best to keep each other's counsel ; he has this Point of Honesty, that he never robs the House he frequents, and perhaps pays the Debts better than some others ; for he holds it below the Dignity of his Employment to commit so Ungentle a Crime, and loves to pay Nobly. He has another Quality not much amiss, that he never takes more than he has occasion for, which he verifies this Way, he comes no more while that lasts. He is a less Nuisance in a Commonwealth than a Miser, because the Money he ingrosses by his Villany all circulate again, which the other hoards as tho' 'twere only to be found again at the Day of Judgment. He is the Tythe-Pig of his Family, which the Gallows instead of the Parson claims its due. He has Reason enough to be bold in his Undertaking ; for tho' all the World threaten him, he stands in fear of but one Man in it, and that's the Hangman, and with him too he is generally in Fee ; however, I cannot affirm he is so valiant that he dares look any Man in the Face, for in that

Point he is now and then a little Modest. *Newgate* may be said to be his Countrey-house, where he frequently lives so many Months in the Year; and he is not much concerned to be carried thither for a small Matter, if 'twere only for the Benefit of renewing his Acquaintance there. He holds a *Petit Larcenary* as Light as a Nun does Auricular Penance, tho' the Priest has a more compassionate Character than the Hangman. Friendship is a Vertue oftner found among Thieves than other People; for when their Companions are in Danger they venture hardest to relieve them; and by a certain Compact, which needs no renewing, take care that they don't want a suitable Subsistence while they are under Durance, and thereby incapable of helping themselves; and this the rather, because their own Turn seems to be next, according to the Viciissitude of Things built upon so dangerous and fickle a Foundation. Every Man in this Community is esteemed according to his particular Quality, of which there are several Degrees; tho' it is contrary often to Publick Governments, for here a Man shall be valued purely for his Merit, and rise by it too, tho' it be but to a Halter; in which there is a great deal of Glory in dying like a Heroe, and making a Decent Figure in the Cart to the Tune of the Two last Staves of the 51st *Psalm*. They have their Classes too, and a Pick-pocket is no more a Companion for a Reputable House-breaker, than an Informer is for a Justice of Peace, or a Player for a Man of the first Quality. And since I have now begun with their several Qualities, I shall shew them by their distinct Titles.

*An Interpretation of the several Qualities
of Rogues.*

Hoisters, Such as help one another upon their Backs in the Night-time to get into Windows.

Sneakers, Such as Sneak into a House by Night or Day to Steal.

Sneaking-Budgers, Such as pilfer Things off of a Stall.

Tail-Drawers, Such as take Gentlemens Swords from their Sides at the turning of a Corner, or in a Crowd.

Clouters, Such as take Handkerchiefs out of Folks Pockets.

Files, Such as dive into Folks Pockets for Money or Watches.

Dubbers, Such as rob Dwelling-houses, Ware-houses, Coach-houses or Stables, by picking the Locks thereof.

Chieving-Layers, Such as cut the Leathers which bears up Coaches behind, and whilst the Coachmen come off their Boxes to see what's the Matter, they take a Box or Trunk from under his Seat.

Waggon-Layers, Such as wait just out of Town for Waggon coming in or going out of Town in a Dark Morning, to take Boxes, or any Portable Bundles, out of them.

Prad-Layers, Such as cut Bags from behind Horses as People ride along in the Dark.

Horse-Pads, Such as rob in the Highway on Horseback.

Foot-Pads, Such as rob Foot-Passengers.

Mill-Layers, Such as break into Houses, by forcing Doors or Shutters open with Betties or Chizels.

Till-Divers, Such as go into Shops with pretence

tence to buy something, and with several Excuses of seeing this Thing and that Thing, to make the Shopkeeper turn his Back often, they put a small Whalebone, daub'd at the End with Bird-lime, into the Till of the Counter, and draw up the Money ; but this Employment is now grown something out of Date.

Running-Smoblers, Such as go into a Shop in the Night, where People are busie in the Back-room, or elsewhere, and snatching something that's nearest them, they run away with it.

Palm-Layers, Such as go into Goldsmiths Shops, with pretence to buy a Ring, and several being laid upon the Counter, they Palm One or Two by means of a little Ale held in a Spoon over the Fire, with which the Palm being daub'd, any Light Thing sticks to it.

Faggot and Stall, Such as break into Peoples Houses, and taking away what they please, gag all therein.

Impudent Stealers, Such as cut out the Backs of Coaches, and take Things out of them.

Sweetners, Such as drop Money before People, and taking out of Sight, inveigle a Man (after a hot Dispute with some of their Accomplices, who earnestly claim halves of what they find) into a Tavern they use, where they draw him into *Cards*, *Dice*, or *Buckle and Thong*, which they planted in some visible Place, and win all his Money : These sort of Vermine likewise go about the Countrey to cheat People of their Money by the *Legerdemain* Slight of *Cups and Ball*, and *Luck in a Bag* ; this is a Function too that has not flourished since the late Act for Vagabonds.

Night-Gamesters, Such as rob Parks a Nights for *Venison*, which proves to be *Dear* if they are taken.

But

But of all these Housebreakers under Three Denominations, viz. *Hoister*, *Dubber*, and *Mill-Layer*, is the most Famous and Heroick Employment of 'em all, and in one Time exceeds that of the Highway.

Some are Ingenious at the *Lob*, which is going into a Shop to have a Guinea or a Pistole changed, and the Change being given, the Bringer Palms Two or Three Shillings, and then says there wants so much, which the Shopkeeper telling over again, says 'tis true, and very innocently makes up the Sum.

As for the Female Proficients they consist chiefly in these.

Shop-lifting, Which almost every Body understands.

Buttock and *Twang*, Which is walking to be pick'd up, and frightening him that does it with her pretended Husband, after she has pick'd his Pocket, so that the Fool runs gladly away without his Watch or Money.

Buttock and *File*, Which is the same with the other; only this is the better-natur'd Beast of the Two, and performs her Stage before she takes her Wages, which may be some Satisfaction to the Ass she carries.

There are also Setters of both Sexes, that make it their Business to go about upon Information, to pry into the Disposition and Avenues of Houses, and bring notice of the Booty, of which they have a share when the Robbery is perform'd, and are generally us'd as Scouts in the Time of Action.

Having thus briefly run thro' their several Functions, I come now to give a Description of that Famous Colledge they usually take their Degrees in, to wit *Newgate*. This Ancient Structure was Founded and Endowed by the
Famous

Famous *Whittington* ; and as the Design was good, it cannot be said that it has not brought up many to Preferment, in which there are as many Orders to pass thro' as at any other of our Learned Universities. He that has been once at the Bar may be said to commence Bachelor, Twice at the Cart's Arse makes him Master of Arts, Three Times the Jugler's Box makes him at least Fellow of a Colledge ; but to have been once under the Ordinary's Tuition, the very Merits of a Condemn'd Sermon Institutes him Head of his Order, be it in what respective Function it will. But to return.

Newgate, So call'd, is divided into Three Parts, (*viz.*) the *Press-Yard*, *Master-side*, and *Common-side*, of which the First has the Pre-eminence. They who have the Honour to be sent thither, may in some Measure fancy themselves going into Paradise, *for narrow is the Way that leads to't*. The Rooms according to the Modern Calculation are very Commodiously furnish'd. Those that have experienc'd it are the best Judges, and yet those who have not may give a near guess by the Price ; a Man may have a Palace, and all its Appurtenances, elsewhere at an easier Rent than one individual Mansion here to swing a Cat in ; but this is peculiar to Places of great Concourse and Trade. The Windows of these Apartments for Decency and Humane Distinction are generally glaz'd, yet are inwardly so well fortifi'd by *Vulcan's* Craft, that there is hardly any Danger of tumbling out at the Casements, when the Students either too deeply Elevated by Domestick Nantz, or liable to Melancholly Suggestion in their Retirement. The Air they enjoy here is in a Yard that scarce out-measure a Taylor's Ell, and reasonably not above the breadth of a concise Bill in *Chancery* ; yet

yet here they find Room to measure out the Day, which they may do by Tale, so many Steps to an Hour. The Sun appears to them in Perspective, and is visible in this World no Time but just in its Meridian, which Transitory Hour they set apart to worship it, and then take their Sorrowful Leave of till the next Day; for as to the Rising and Setting of it they are utter Strangers, as the People *Strabo* mentions to have liv'd so many Miles under Ground: Yet One Thing I must say, as much as they want Conveniency of fresh Air, it infallibly brings a Man to a Stomach in a very little Time after he has been there. Here are to be seen the Miserable Wrecks of several unfortunate Gentlemen, the Rocks they split on being generally *Treason, Murder, Rape, Scandal, Debt*; and some voluntary decay'd *Bankrupts*, that mistook the late Act, promiscuously jumbled together. One Thing however in their Condition is to be admir'd, that in the deepest of their Persecution they cannot chuse but prove good Christians, in that they are a kind of Martyrs, and suffer purely for the Truth. They are happy in One Thing more, that they are intitled to a Tenement which no Body will go about to take over their Heads: Their Acquaintance that visit them have this singular Convenience, that they may find them any Hour in the Day, for they are as fast Friends as any in England.

Now as concerning the Humours of the *Master-side*, when a Scholar in Iniquity comes there by Virtue of a *Mittimus*, he is deliver'd up to the Paws of the Wolves, lurking continually in the *Lodge* for a Prey; where as soon as he's adorn'd with a Pair of Iron Boots, and from thence conducted (provided he has *Gilt*) over the Way to Hell, for really no Place has a near-

er Resemblance of that Eternal Receptacle of Punishment than the *Master-side* ; for the *Cellar* (where poor relentless Sinners are guzzelling in the midst of *Debauchery*, and *New-invented Oaths*, which rumble like *Thunder* through their filthy *Throats*) is a lamentable *Den* of *Horror* and *Darkness*, there being no *Light* but what they procure from the *Help* of one of that *Grease Company*, whose *Mystery* is, by a *Subtle Metamorphosis*, to turn *Night* into *Day* with what they get from *Butcher* and *Kitchen-Wench*s industrious *Savings*. In this *Boozing-Ken* (where more than *Cimmerian* *Darkness* dissipates its horrible *Gloom*) the *Students*, instead of holding *Disputes* in *Philosophy* and *Mathematicks*, run altogether upon *Law* ; for such as are committed for *House-breaking* swear stoutly they can't be cast for *Burglary*, because the *Fact* was done in the *Day-time* ; such as are committed for stealing a *Horse-cloth*, or *Coachman's Cloak*, swear they can't be cast for *Felony* and *Robbery*, because the *Coach* was standing still, not stopp'd ; and such as steal before a *Man's Face* swear they value not their *Adversary*, because they are out of the *Reach* of the *New Act* against *Private Stealing*. Thus with an unparallell'd *Impudence* every brazen-fac'd *Malefactor* is harden'd in his *Sin*, because the *Law* can't touch his *Life*. But when *Night* has spun her *Darkness* to the length of *Nine a Clock*, then they are hurry'd up before their *Drivers* (like so many *Turkish Slaves*) to their *Kennels*, which are join'd like so many *Huts*, as tho' they took their *Order* from *Martial Discipline* : And as in all *Places* of *Disorder* and *Confusion* all *Things* go by *Contraries*, so here instead of the *Men* lying over the *Women*, the *Women* lye over the *Men*, in whose several *Apartments* both *Male* and
Female

Female are confin'd till they distil a little Oil of *Argentum* for the Favour of going into the Cellar, to spend their ill-got Coin with speed, to make the Old Proverb good, *Lightly come, Lightly go*; or rather, *What's got over the Devil's Back is spent under his Belly*.

You are now to take Notice, that as at First there was but One Language, till *Nimrod* projected the Tower of *Babel*, when the Earth was divided in Seventy-two Languages, to confound the Workmen; so now through the increase of Sin another Tongue is sprung up among us, as you may see by the following Alphabet, collected from the Knowledge of the chief Professors of the Canting Tongue, by which they express their Mind very significantly to one another, to the Prejudice very often of those they design to Injure.

The Canter's Expofitor.

A R D, Hot.
 Band-Log, a Band-box.
 Belly-Chit, an Apron.
 Bien, Good.
 Black-Arse, a Copper or Kettle.
 Blater, a Calf.
 Blunt, Money.
 Booze, Drink.
 Boozing-Ken, an Ale-house.
 Buffer, a Dog.
 Bull's-Eye, a Crown.
 Cackler's-Ken, a Henroost.
 Case, a Bawdy-house.
 Casum, Cheese.
 Chieve, Knife.
 Clout, a Handkerchief.

Cly, a Pocket.
 Countrey Harry, a Waggoner.
 Cope, a Man.
 Cuffin, a Justice.
 Cure, a Warrant.
 Darbies, Fetters.
 Dodsey, a Woman.
 Dose, a Cloak.
 Dub, a Picklock or Key.
 Duce, Two-pence.
 Duceavil, the Countrey.
 Dunnock, a Cow.
 Evil, a Halter.
 Fam, a Ring.
 Fence, one that buys Stolen Goods.
 Flag, a Groat.
 Fly, a Waggon, i. e. Countrey Cart.
 Gage, a Pot.
 Glaze, a Window.
 Globe, Pewter.
 Glim, a Candle.
 Great Joseph, a Stout Coat.
 Gruntler, a Hog.
 Harmin, Stocks.
 Harminbeck, a Constable.
 Harry, a Countrey-man.
 Havil, a Sheep.
 Hog, a Shilling.
 Jacob, a Ladder.
 Jack, a Farthing.
 Jig, a Lock or Door.
 Jigger, a Whipping-post.
 Job, a Pound.
 Joseph, a Close Coat.
 Juggler's Box, the Bumming Engine.
 Ken, a House.
 Kid, a Child.
 Kicksey, Breeches.

Knapper's-Poll, a Sheep's-head.
 Lark, a Boat.
 Lock, vid. Fence.
 Make, a Halfpeny.
 Mill, a Chizel, or to break.
 Miff, a Shirt.
 Mof, Lead.
 Mud, a Fool, or Thick-scul Fellow.
 Naskin, a Prison.
 Nip, to Pick.
 Nut-crackers, the Pillory.
 Old, ugly.
 Nubbing-Cheat, the Gallows.
 Pair of Wings, Oars.
 Pan, a Bed.
 Pantum, Bread.
 Peter, a Trunk, Box, or Portmantle.
 Poll, a Peruke.
 Pop, a Pistol.
 Prad, a Horse.
 Prancer, a good Horse.
 Prigg, a Thief or Fiend.
 Queer, Small, not Good.
 Queer Cove, a Rogue.
 Quod, a Prison.
 Rattler, a Coach.
 Rum, Good, or Strong.
 Runvil, London.
 Ruffman, a Hedge.
 Scout, a Watchman.
 Scrope, vid. Jack.
 Shap, a Hat.
 Skit, to Wheedle.
 Simon, Six-pence.
 Slat, Half a Crown.
 Stampers, Shoes.
 Strickhams, Gloves.
 Stockdrawers, Stockings,

Strike;

Strike, Twenty Shillings.
Swad, or *Swadkin*, a Soldier.
Swag, a Shop.
Tatler, a Clock or Watch.
Thrums, Three-pence.
Togge, a Coat.
Tumbler, a Waggon.
Tye, a Neckcloth.
Vil, a Town.
Wedge, Silver.
Wind, a Penny.
Wipe, a Handkerchief.
Wit, Newgate.
Yellow-Boy, a Guinea.

But now passing by that Part of the *Master-side*, into which Prisoners are brought upon real Suspicion of Debt, their Talk being altogether upon an *Act of Grace*, I shall proceed to the Humours of the *Common-side*; those Scholars that come here have nothing to depend on but the Charity of the Foundation, in which Side very exact Rules are observ'd; for as soon as the Prisoner comes into the Turnkey's Hand Three Knocks are given at the Stair-foot, as a Signal a *Collegian* is coming up; which Harmony makes those *Convicts* that stand for the Garnish as joyful as One Knock, the Signal of the *Bakers* coming every Morning does those Poor Prisoners who, for want of Friends, have nothing else to subsist on but Bread and Water: And no sooner are the Three Strokes given, but out jump Four Trunchion Officers (who only hate Religion because it condemns their Vices) from their Hovel, and with a sort of ill-mannerly Reverence receive him at the Grate; then taking him into their Apartment, a Couple of the good-natur'd Sparks hold him whilst the other Two pick his Pockets, claiming Six-pence

as a Priviledge belonging to their Office ; then they turn him out to the *Convicts*, who hover about him (like so many Crows about a Piece of Carrion) for *Garnish*, which is Six Shillings and Eight Pence, which they, from an Old Custom, claim by Prescription Time out of Mind for entring in the *Society*, otherwise they strip the poor Wretch if he has not wherewithal to pay it. Then *Cook Ruffian* (that scalded the Devil in his Feathers) comes to him for Three Pence for dressing the Charity-meat, which Charitable-disposed Persons send in every *Thursday*, whereon Earthen Dishes, Porringers, Pans, Wooden Spoons, and Cabbage-Nets, are hurring about against Dinner-time as thick as Burnt Brandy and Brimstone Possets in *Lucifer's Kitchen*, whilst the swelt'ed Cook sweats in Porridging the Prisoners, who stand round him like so many poor Scholars begging at the Kitchen Door for Colledge Broth ; but yet the caged Person is not clear of his Dues, for next Two other Officers, who have a Patent for being *Swabbers*, demand Three Halfpence a-piece more for cleaning the Goal of its Filth, which requires the Labour of *Sisyphus*, and is never to be ended. Then at the Signal of the *Grey-Pease Woman*, which is between Seven and Eight, he is conducted down Stairs, with an Illumination of Links, to his Lodging, and provided he has a Shilling for Civility-Money, may lye in the *Middle-Ward*, which (to give the Devils their Due) is kept very neat and clean, where he pays One Shilling and Four Pence more to his Comrades, and then he is Free of the *Colledge*, and *Matriculated*.

But the *Lower-Ward*, where the tight-slovenly Dogs lye upon ragged Blankets, spread near *Sir-Reverence*, one would take to be *Old Nick's Backside*,

Backside, where all the Damn'd go to ease their Roasted Arses; and trampling on the Floor, the Lice crackling under their Feet, make such a Noise as walking on Shells which are strew'd over Garden-walks. To this Nasty Place is adjoining the *Stone-Hold*, where *Convicts* lye till a Free Pardon grants 'em Liberty from Tribulation; but not making good Use of Mercy, come tumbling headlong in again. This low Dungeon is a real House of meagre Looks, and ill Smells; for Lice, Drink and Tobacco, is all the Compound.

When the Prisoners are disposed to recreate themselves with walking, they go up into a spacious Room, call'd the *High-Hall*, where when you see them taking a Turn together, it would puzzle one to know which is the Gentleman, which the Mechanick, and which the Beggar, for they are all suited in the same Form or Kind of Nasty Poverty, which is a Spectacle of more Pity than Executions; only to be out at the Elbows is in Fashion here, and a great *Indecorum* not to be thread-bare. On the North side is a small Room call'd the *Buggering-Hold*; but from whence it takes its Name I cannot well tell, unless it is a Fate attending this Place, that some confin'd there may or have been addicted to Sodomy. Here the Fines lye, and perhaps, as he behaves himself, an Outlaw'd Person may creep in among them: But what Degree of Latitude this Chamber is situated in I cannot positively demonstrate, unless it lyes 90 Degrees beyond the *Artick Pole*; for instead of being dark here but half the Year, it is dark all the Year round. The Company one with another there is but a vying of Complaints, and the Causes they have to Rail on the ill Success of Petitions, and in this they reckon there is a great

great deal of good Fellowship. There they huddle up their Life, as a Thing of no Use, and wear it out like an old Suit, the faster the better; and he that deceives the Time at Cards or Dice, thinks he deceives it best, and best spends it. Just by them lye the *Tangerines*, in a large Room, call'd *Tangier*, which, next the *Lower-ward*, is the nastiest Place in the Goal. The miserable Inhabitants thereof are *Debtors*, who put what sorry Bedding they enjoy upon such an Ascent where Soldiers lye when on Guard at the *Tilt-yard*. These poor Wretches are commonly, next their Creditors, most bitter against the *Lawyers*, as Men that have had a Stroke in afflicting them there; a *Bailiff* likewise they mortally hate, because he makes them fear the *Queen's* Name worse than the *Devil's*: But in this Apartment lye, besides *real Debtors*, such as are call'd *Thieving Debtors*; who having for Theft satisfy'd the *Queen*, by being Burnt in the Face, or Whipt, which is no Satisfaction to the wrong'd Subject, their Adversaries bring an Action of *Trover* against them, and keep them there till they make Restitution for Things stoln.

Up one Pair of Stairs over them is *Jack Ketch* his Kitchen, where, in *Pitch, Tar* and *Oil*, he boils the Quarters of those Traitors who deservedly suffer for the several Sorts of *High-Treason*. Near this Place is adjoining several Rooms which Prisoners hire that have a mind to live retir'd; and opposite to the Kitchen, where Man's Flesh is dress'd, is a lightsome Room, call'd *Debtor's-Hall*, so nam'd from such unfortunate Men lying there, where every Man shews like so many Wrecks upon the Sea, here the Rib of 20 *l.* there the Ruins of a good Estate, Doublets without Buttons, and a Gown

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without

without Sleeves : And some Pair of Stairs higher lye Women that are *Fines* and *Debtors*, thinking, like their suffering Companions below them, every Year Seven till they get abroad.

But the Place which is most diverting to our *Collegians* (who Sin to better their Understandings) is in the *Cellar* ; whose *Newgate* Fashion of having all Tables Publick all the *Ale-houses* about Town now imitate ; where they sit in the pleasant Prospect of a Range of Butts and Barrels ; and the only Grievance herein is the paying for Pipes and Candles, which are placed in Square Pyramidal Candlesticks made of Clay. As for the Nature of the *Boozing-ken*, it is as unchristian as the remotest Parts of *India*, for here is no Faith, (which *St. Paul* says, is the Evidence of Things not seen,) unless the Suttler sees her God, which is the ready *Specie* : However, to give her her due, she is very Pleasant and good Condition'd to her Customers, which Qualities in a Woman of that Employment make me think *Miracles are not yet ceas'd*. She scorns to draw in short Pots to have her Kisses excuse them ; differing very much from other Hostesses, who seldom startle at Bawdry, permitting their Lips to be their Guests Welcome, and their Entertainment her Company, which is put into the Reckoning too; and is the dearest Parcel in it.

Now if there should be any great Tumult or Uproar among the Prisoners, whose deepest Endearment is a Communication of Mischief, then a Bell, which hangs over the *High-Hall* Stairs, (to call the Turnkey when out of the Way, by single Ringing, to let People in and out,) is rung double, and at the Alarm several Officers belonging to the Goal come running up to quell the Murfny ; which being appeased, the

the Ringleaders thereof (who are such high-spirited Fellows that would sooner accept the Gallows than a mean Trade, are conducted to a low Dungeon, as dark as the inside of the *Devil's Arse in the Peak*, and hung all over with Spider Texture, and are there shear'd, or put into Bilboes, and handcufft; but in case the Place of Punishment should be first taken up by any factious Woman, that's given to Patten and Penknife, then they are punish'd in the Press-room, where Men that stand mute at their Trial are press'd to Death, by having their Hands and Feet extended out to Four Iron Rings fix'd to the Ground, and a great heavy Press of Wood, made like a Hog-Trough, having a Square Post at each end, reaching up to the Ceiling, let up and down full of Weights by Ropes upon them, in which Torment he lyes Three or Four Days, or less Time, according as he is favour'd, having no Food or Drink, but Black Bread, or the Channel Water which runs under the Goal, if his fainting Pains shou'd make him crave to Eat or Drink,

But now I am arrived to the Woman Felons Apartment in the *Common-side*, where there are a Troop of *Hell-cats* lying Head and Tail together, in a dismal, nasty, dark Room, having no Place to divert themselves but at the Grate, adjoining to the Foot-passage under *Newgate*, where Passengers may with Admiration and Pity hear them swear *Extempore*, being so shamefully vers'd in that most odious Prophanation of Heaven, that Volumes of Oaths are discharg'd through their detestable Throats whilst asleep. And if any of their Acquaintance gives them *L'argent*, then they jump into their Cellar to melt it, which is scarce so large as *Covent-Garden* Cage, and the Stock therein not much exceeding those

peddling Victuallers, who fetch their Drink in Tubs every Brewing Day. As for the Suttler there I have no more to say of her, than that her Purity consists in the Whiteness of her Linnen; and that the Licentiousness of the Woman on this Side is so detestable, that it is an unpardonable Crime to describe their Lewdness. Having thus given you a Character of the Place, and such as inhabit it, I think it is no more than proper now to give a short Description of a Goaler. In general, he is a Wretch mistaken in the making, for he should have been a *Tyger*, but the Shape being thought too terrible, it is cover'd with the Vizor of a Man, yet he retains all the Fierceness and Curriishness of the Lion's Whelp. His Descent is very Ancient, but more Ignoble, for he comes of the Race of *Cerberus*, or rather is *Cerberus* himself; for both have but the Charge of wretched People, and are terrible alike. His Office lyes in Misery and Cruelty, which best suits his Nature: For he stands not upon those Two Pillars, (Justice and Mercy,) that support Heaven, but upon the Two Supporters of Hell, (Wrong and Cruelty.) He is the Hangman of the Law, with a Lame Hand; and if it gave him all his Limbs perfect he would strike those on whom he was glad to fawn. His Conscience and his Shackles hang up together, and are made much of the same Metal; only one is a little harder than the other, and hath one Property above Iron, for it never melts. Distils Money out of poor Prisoners Tears, and grows fat by their Curses. His House is the Picture of Hell in little, and the Original Letters Patents of his Office stand exemplified there, a Chamber of Lowlie Beds is better worth to him than the best Acre of Corn-land in *Europe*. Two Things are very hard

hard to him, (nay, almost impossible,) viz. to save all his Prisoners, so that none make their escape, and to be sav'd himself: He is Deaf to the Cries and Complaints of others, and Heaven will be so to his; for of his whole Bunch of Keys not one hath Wards to open that Door. Those Gates want no Porters, for they stand ever open. If it were possible for all the Creatures in the World to sleep every Night, he only and a Tyrant cannot; that Blessing is taken from them, and a Curse comes in the Room on't, to be ever fear'd, and ever hated. His Residence and Escutcheon are a perfect Medal of the Iron Age, where nothing but jingling of Keys, rattling of Shackles, Bolts and Grates, is to be heard. To conclude, *Newgate* is the Horse of *Troy*, in whose Womb are shut up all the Mad *Greeks* that were Men of Action. But now having shewn in what manner they enter Students, and conform themselves in their Colledge, let us see how they take their Degrees for farther Preferment, and make their Progression out again; in which it is observ'd that few are ever expell'd for any Irregular Demeanour: But when the Days of *Oyer* and *Terminer* approach, and the Gates of *Janus* in the *Old-Bailley* are thrown open, the whole Colledge betimes in the Morning are conducted down, making as they go along a jingling with their Fetters like so many Morrice-dancers in the *Christmas* Holidays; and such Malefactors as will not give Half a Crown to be in the *Bail-dock*, where Criminals, both Male and Female, are secur'd, go in a *Hold*, where they resemble so many Sheep penn'd up in *Smithfield* on a Market-day: There the Prisoners claim Twelve-pence apiece of the youngest for *Hold-money*, with which Collection they make Shift to get Drunk

Drunk before they go up to the Bar to be Arraign'd or Try'd ; the same odious Custom is likewise observed by the Women in their *Hold*. And if it shou'd be a Prisoner's good Luck to be acquitted, he kneels, and cries, *God bless the Queen, and all the Honourable Court* ; then joyfully returning to his Comrades, they make him spend his *Quit-Shilling* for his happy Deliverance. But when they are all Try'd, the Judge (after the Fire is made, and the Burning Engine put up) proceeds to pass Sentence on the several Offenders, then those cast for Single Felony are brought up ; but such as never broke their Friends for Learning, not venturing a *Non Legit*, throw themselves on the Mercy of the Court, and escape marking with an ignominious T, by entering themselves in Her Majesties Service ; and such as can read claim the *Benefit of the Clergy* ; a Favour only design'd at first for Scholars, but now through long Custom claim'd by the Illiterate, are forc'd (upon the Account of clearing the Land of Villains) to save their Bacon by Lifting too. But Profligate Women (having not this Advantage) are Glimm'd for that Villany, for which rather than leave it, they could freely die Martyrs. Next Sentence of Death is pass on Malefactors ; but upon this Point, the Women have a great Advantage over the Men, by pleading their Bellies, who are then search'd by a Jury of Matrons, impannell'd for that Purpose ; but either for Favour or Profit some are brought in Quick with Child, when 'tis of a Church, to the great Abuse of the Honourable Court ; not but that they deserv'd for it ; but as the Saying is, *No Grass grows on the Highway*. Those cast for *Petit-Larceny* shove the Tumbler, *i. e.* whipt at the Cart's Tail ; and others are made City Surveyors, being appointed to over-

overlook *Penance Board* at *Temple-Bar*, *Cheapside* *Conduit*, and the *Royal Exchange* ; but I cannot properly call one so exalted a Captain over Tens, Hundreds, or Thousands, because the Number of the Spectators is uncertain.

The Court being broke up, and by an *O Tes* appointed to begin again at another certain Time, the Prisoners not cast for their Lives return from whence they came, the Thief-takers ogling them as they trudge along (to know their shameless Faces another Time) as wishfully as a Gypsie does ignorant Countrey Wenches Hands to tell their Fortune : But those sentenc'd to go to the Condemn'd Hold, there being Two, One for Males, another for Females, who being relentless Wretches, unmindful of a future State, make their dark dismal Den the Rendezvous of Spittle, where they Dialogue (as in Tobacco-shops) with their Noses, and their Communication is Smoke ; where being in hopes of the *Queen's Mercy*, their Words are still so many Vomits cast up to the Loathsomeness of their Hearers. In Sum, the whole Life of these Distressed Wretches is a Question, and their Salvation a greater, which Death only concludes, and then they are resolv'd.

To fit them for another World, they are immediately after Condemnation carried out of this into a Place, that whoever were to be convey'd thither in his Sleep, when he wak'd and look'd about him, (that is, I mean .would look if he could see any Thing,) would absolutely, without much Hesitation, conclude he had departed this Life in some Melancholy Slumber, and was arriv'd in the Gloomy Mansions of Eternity, without knowing any Thing of it. For Food here you'll conclude they have no Extraordinary Appetites ; nor are they fed with

with any Thing but the Spoon-meat of the Gospel; and not every one of 'em has any Stomach to that neither. The Ordinary is their Dry-nurse, and gives 'em constant Attendance in this their Visitation, who, poor Souls, may very properly to be said to lye on their Death-beds, for, generally speaking, all his Patients die upon his Hands. If they have any Thing to leave behind 'em, (tho' it be but their Dying Speeches,) they have no occasion to nominate Executors, for he Authentickly proves their Wills, and administers as Principal Creditor to a Legacy (*sic Mult*) *per Annum*. He has the Title of *Ordinary*, but in the Condemn'd Mansions you may venture to put an *Extra* to't, for he is then more than *Ordinary*, tho' in the Pulpit he deserves the Character again, without Addition. His Congregation may properly be call'd Saints, because they all die Martyrs, and are of the Order of the *Triple-Tree*. He may be said to have the Care of Souls committed to his Charge, yet in one Respect he is but a bad Proficient, and his Doctrine not Orthodox, for he does not purely preach up Amendment of Life. He is, in fine, the Prince of Terrors, and Death the King, into whose Territories he renders 'em, and Tyburn is the utmost Bounds between their Two Dominions. But to return to his own Kingdom, *Newgate*.

Next Sunday following their Fatal Doom they go to the Chapel to hear the Condemn'd Sermon, which is so near Heaven as to be situated on the very top of all *Newgate*, and possibly sometimes is their *Ne plus Ultra*, the farthest Stage they make that Way. Here Mr. *Ordinary* expounds some useful Texts of Scripture, which he applies to the Purpose in Hand,

viz.

viz. *Holy Dying* ; for to preach up Amendment of Life, as I have hinted before, would here be Eloquence thrown away. He is excellent at the former Talent, and all his Sermons collected together would make an Extra-Ordinary Volume, call'd, *The Kingdom of Death laid open : Or, Discourses of another World* : He is crowned more with Spectators than Auditors ; and they that go thither for Curiosity are to be held excusable, for they may properly say, *His Discourse does not concern 'em*, if it were not the Pity of seeing so many proper Persons in Jeopardy of their Lives : Yet let 'em take Care, for such a Neglect may be ominous, since Heaven knows what we may all come to. There is nothing more to be said of this Place, but that the Poor Condemn'd are sure to edifie by it ; for when they come here they are really brought out of Darkness into Light : And now after Two Hours Discipline under the Ordinary's Hands, One would think their Persecution shou'd end ; but the Bell-man, who is the Prelude to the Hangman, like a Flourish before a damn'd Melancholy Tune, comes next to torture them with his Inhumane Stanza's, as if Men in their Condition cou'd have any Stomach to Unseasonable Poetry ; for the Night before Execution, placing himself under their Window, he harangues them with the following Senerade, set to the Tune of the Bar-bell at the *Black Dog*.

All you that in the Condemn'd Hold do lye,
 Prepare you, for to Morrow you must dye :
 Think well upon your Sins, in Time repent,
 Lest you are Headlong unto *Satan* sent.
 Watch then, and Pray, that so you may be fit
 To appear so soon before the Judgment-Seat ;
 And when St. *Pulcher's* Bell to Morrow Tolls,
 The Lord above have Mercy on your Souls.

In Answer to which the following Lines were penn'd by us, *John Hall, Stephen Bunch.* and *Richard Low*, being a True and Genuine Copy.

The sad Relation of your Bell
 Puts us in Mind of Death and Hell ;
 But while we're here we'll do our best
 In Heaven to have Eternal Rest.
 Eight Persons here within doth lye,
 And Seven of us must surely dye ;
 For since we can't Reprieved be,
 To Christ for Succour we must flee.
 Our Names are known, and Persons too,
 Both by this World, and God Almighty too,
 And this same Day we hope to rest
 Within the Arms of our Dear Saviour's Breast.
 Good People all that there stand by,
 Pray have a Thought of Charity,
 And when we in our Graves do rest,
 Pray that we may be everblest.

The next Morning they are convey'd up to the Chapel again, where they receive the last Portion of Grace from the Ordinary, who takes 'em to Auricular Confession, and is as diligent in enquiring out the Particulars of their Lives, as tho' he were to send a Catalogue of their Sins along with 'em for a Passport. Having thus done, and compounded the necessary Ingredients for their Dying Speeches, he gives 'em the finishing Stroke, and delivers 'em over to the Secular Arm. Then they are convey'd to a Place call'd the *Stone-Hall*, where having those great Obstacles of their Liberty knock'd off, they are install'd by the Yeoman of the Halter with the Ensigns Armorial of his Office, and by some of his Attendants conducted down to the Cart, having, perhaps, made it the great-
 est

est of their Care to make a decent Appearance to the Spectators ; for Pride is the last Sin that leaves 'em in this World, and that bears 'em Company to the Gallows ; so that one would take 'em for Bridegrooms going to espouse their Old Mrs. *Tyburn*, being as Spruce as a Powder'd Wig, a *Holland* Shirt, clean Gloves, and a Nosegay, can make 'em. The great Comfort of having it said, There goes a Proper, Handsome Man, something meliorates the terrible Thoughts of the meagre Tyrant Death ; and to go in a Dirty Shirt were enough to save the Hangman a Labour, and makes a Man dye with Grief and Shame of being in that deplorable Condition. It is but saying they are *Dead by the Law*, and the Cavalcade to *Tyburn* may serve for a Funeral Procession ; there is something of Magnificence in it ; the lamentable Ditty from *St. Sepulchre's* Wall is the Sum of their great Atcheivements, and the Doleful Knells at *St. Andrews* and *St. Giles's* is the Spiritual Musick that ushers on the Pomp. Being come to *Tyburn*, the Ordinary renews his Acquai tance with 'em, where they never part without one Lamentable Merry Hymn together ; and indeed, to speak Truth, they are very loth to spoil Company ; but the Dearest Friends in the World must part. The Hangman having ty'd 'em up for his greater Security, gives the Ordinary the Preheminence of finishing his Office first, and is in the mean Time surveying their Ornaments, and putting 'em into Lots for the easier Accommodation of the Sale. Being admonished to say something to the Spectators, it is natural enough to hear a poor shivering Malefactor come out with his last Dying Speech, as follows, (turning to the Spectators,) ' I desire you all, good People, to pray for me ; I confess

‘ fess I have been a very wicked Offender, and
 ‘ have been guilty of many heinous Sins, espe-
 ‘ cially Whoring, Drunkenness, Sabbath-break-
 ‘ ing, and all the rest, which has brought me
 ‘ to this shameful End ; therefore pray take
 ‘ Example by me, that you may mend your
 ‘ Lives.

This is in Substance literally follow’d by a great many that hear it ; and now their Time being expir’d, their Caps are pull’d over their Eyes, and they are turn’d off with a Sentence they hardly ever made use of in their Lives-time before, *Lord have Mercy on us.* After a few Jirks and unmerciful Thumps to dispatch ’em, they expire the Contempt, and hardly the Pity of any that behold ’em. Having hung there the Space of half an Hour, come some of their Relations with a Deal Coffin cross the Doors of a Coach to take them away ; but there is first a Bargain to be made with the Hangman for their Cloaths which they purchase at a Market Price ; for having intimated to him to which Person they have the Honour to be related, he takes a careful Survey of every individual Button-hole, and being a Man of few Words, conscientiously tells ’em so much is the Price if they have him Cloaths and all ; which if they disagree to, he is stript, and the Miscellany of Rags are all crowded into a Sack, which his *Valet de Chambre* carries on Purpose, and being digested into *Monmouth-street, Chick-lane, &c.* are comfortably worn by many an industrious Fellow. Others that have no Friends, or at least none that want the Grace to disown ’em, have their Length and Breadth in Unconsecrated Clay, under or near the dark Dimensions of the Gallows.

Thus

Thus I have given you the Character, Life, and Tragical End of a Thelf; that is, one that is so much Master of his Trade as to venture his Neck for it; there being some so very diligent, that their constant Practice is to live within the Purlieus of the Law, and not to venture above a Whipping, or a Burning at most. If what I have inserted here (as I was in hopes it would) does but become serviceable to the Publick after my Death, it will answer the Design of those who advis'd me to the Publication thereof, to which I consented to give what necessary Hints I cou'd for that End,

Your Departed Friend,

JOHN HALL.

An Elegy upon the Death of the
said Famous Mr. John Hall,
Printed before the Publication
of these Memoirs.

AT last thy Roguish Reign is ended,
And thou (deservedly) Suspended;
Where art thou now, thou Reprobate,
Who jested at a Future State,
And said, the Place the Devils kept
Was Sooty, wanted to be swept?
And they consulting did agree
To send Express away for thee;
And so thou'rt gone the Tyburn Road,
The nearest Way to their Abode:

But

But yet 'tis thought that there are Store
Of thy Sly Trade gone there before ;
Witness the Bacon, Beef, and Tongue,
Which in the Chimneys reezing hung,
Till by thy Tribe were swept away,
For which they now severely pay.

Mat thinks I see the Sulph'rous Shore,
Where Crouds of Thieves sent there before,
Thee Welcome give with Dismal Rore.
Didst think the Fiends there would be Civil,
Because th.y're known to love what's Evil,
And every Thing that's like a Devil ?
Mak but thy Outside like appear,
Thy Intellects already are ;
So put thy Sweeping Garments on,
'Twill make each Devil think thee One,
Or cause this Proverb after all,
Ha ! Like to Lake says a Devil to HALL.
If every Rogue throughout the Nation
Should die, like HALL, by Suffocation,
Some, now in Coaches, would in Carts
At Triple Tree receive Deserts :
Lawyers, Physicians, Courtiers, Taylors,
Would March in Troops, and all the Taylors :
Nay, I could mention too a L——d,
But, like his S——h, 'twould be Absurd
Besides Scan. Mag. that is the Word :
Some Hemp should likewise be Context
For many who pervert the Text :
And, what is worse then Theives can do,
Cheat you of Soul and Money too ;
Lead Scandalous and wicked Lives,
And, like Bellwagger, ride your Wives.
The Ben'fit of the Clergy see,
When some Poor Rogues are at the Tree,
' Who 'cause they could not Read a Verse,
' Are made to Sing it and that's worse ;

Which

*Which by the by is Charming Singing,
 They shake so well, remembring Swinging;
 Besides observe, the Fatal Line
 Makes each exactly stop in Time:
 O Foolish Custom! (as one said)
 For Sinners when they're almost Dead,
 To have such Crotchets in the Head.
 If to this El'gy proper Tune is,
 Pray bow! it forth with Finis Funis.*

E P I T A P H.

Here lyes *Hall's* Clay,
 Thus Swept away;
 If Bolt or Key
 Oblig'd his Stay,
 At Judgment Day
 He'd make Essay
 To get away;
 Be't as it may,
 I'd better say,
 Here lyes *Jack Hall*,
 And that is All.

Tho' worse might have been said, yet this was but an ill Return for the Good he design'd to do the World in Publishing his Memoirs, and to the remarkable Penitence with which he ended his Transitory Life, of which I shall say no more.

Having done with *Newgate*, and its Inhabitants, we come now to what, for want of Room, we omitted in former Editions, that is, to give an Account of those other Tenements of Misery, which are naturally the Sequel of it, viz. the *Compters*, and other Goals for Debt, where the Inhabitants instead of having the kindly Office bestow'd on them of being hang'd out of their

their Pain, are more inhumanely kept starving in it for Life, a worse Condition far than Hanging ; till the unmerciful Creditor has Bones for his Money, and a wretched meagre Corps to stare him in the Face at the Day of Judgment, and frighten him out of all hopes of Salvation ; as what can he expect but to be tormented in the other World, who in this is a Tormentor of the wretched ? To define him, he is one of *Dencalion's* Sons, begotten of Stone, and the Marble Images that lye cross-legg'd in the *Temple Church* do very much resemble him. He says the Lord's Prayer backward ; or to speak more natural of him, he has a *Pater Noster* by himself ; and that said Article, *Forgive us our Debts as we forgive others*, he leaves quite out, being a dangerous Rub in the Alley of his Conscience. He is the Bloodhound of the Law, and haunts Counter rarely well ; yet he never opens till he bites, and then does it to purpose. He is a Lawyer's Mule, and the only Beast on which he Ambles to *Westminster*, where they Stable together at some neighbouring Tavern, and drink the Hearts-blood of a Poor Debtor : A Scrivener is his Farrier, helps to recover all his Founder'd and Maim'd Obligations.

From the beginning of *Hillary*, to the End of *Michaelmas* Term, he does nothing but trot to Council, then to his Attorney, to the *Chancery*, *Exchequer*, *Queen's-Bench*, and *Common-Pleas*, and in this Employment he Rises and Sets with the Sun, for he is indefatigable in the Ruin of his Debtors.

If he were to be hang'd, unless he could be sav'd by his Book, he cannot for his Heart call for a Psalm of Mercy. In fine, he is a Law-Trap, baited with Parchment and Wax, and the Vermin he catches are poor Bankrupts, with whom

whom scratching Attorneys, like Cats, play a good while, and then mouze 'em. *Lye there and Rot*, is his Dialect of Charity; being relentless to the Tears of a poor Prisoner; for his Heart is so obdurate, that he can no more feel Remorse than the Marble Statue in *Stocks-Market*.

Lord have Mercy upon us, may well be written over these Doors; for Debt is a most dangerous and incurable Pestilence. It should be *Christ's-Hospital*; for most of our Wealthy Citizens are good Benefactors to it; and yet it is so curs'd a Peice of Land that the Son is asham'd to be his Father's Heir in it. If you ask under what Horizon this Climate lyes, the *Bermudas* and it are under one and the same Height; and whereas some suppose this Island, like that, is haunted with Devils, I say 'tis otherwise, for those Devils so talked of and feared are none but devouring Creditors, Gripping Attornies, Unmerciful Serjeants, and Cruel Churlish Goalers. Hither you need not Sail, for it is a Ship of itself; the Master-Side is the Upper Deck; they on the Common-Side lye under Hatches, and help to ballast it; Actions are the Tackling; Executions the Anchors; Caplasses the Cables; Chancery-Bills the Huge Sails; a long Term the Main-mast; Law the Helm a Judge the Pilot; a Council the Purser; an Attorney the Boatswain; his Clerk the Swabber; Bonds are the Waves; Outlawries; the Winds; Verdict their Compass to steer by; and Extents the Rocks that splits all in pieces. And if it be not absolutely a Ship, yet they differ but little, for the one is a moving Goal, and the other a standing one. If he be a Gentleman that is sent hither, he alters his Arms as soon as ever he enters; few here carry *Fields* or *Argent*; for whatsoever they bear before, they here give

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only Sables. While he lyes by it here, he is travelling o'er the *Alps*, and the Hearts of his Creditors are the Snows that lye unmelted in the middle of the Summer. He is an Almanack out of Date, none of his Days speak of Fair Weather. He is one that has lost his Way in this World and being benighted, has strayed into a Wood of Wolves, where he must never expect to get away without being devoured. The Chirurgeons may if they will beg him for an Anatomy, for he is a kind of dead Carcase; an excellent Lecture may be read upon his Body. Creditors peck out his Eyes, Lawyers flea off his Skin, and lap him in Parchment, and Goalers are the *Promethean* Vultures that gnaw upon his Liver till Death, only Death rids him of all Human Plagues at once. If any one asks of what Distemper he died; they may be answered Poverty, which is the most Grievous and Languishing of all the Catalogue of Infirmities; and a Halter in some Measure is preferable to it. He is gone where there is an Equitable Court of Conscience to summon his Creditors to; but 'tis thought they'll hardly appear there, for of all Conditions that ever were offered them, they never could endure to hear that of—*Christ pay you*; and may be when they come to that Bar, the Prisoner's Case will appear much the best of the Two.



F I N I S.

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only Sables. While he lyes by it here, he is travelling o'er the *Alps*, and the Hearts of his Creditors are the Snows that lye unmelted in the middle of the Summer. He is an Almanack out of Date, none of his Days speak of Fair Weather. He is one that has lost his Way in this World and being benighted, has strayed into a Wood of Wolves, where he must never expect to get away without being devoured. The Chirurgeons may if they will beg him for an Anatomy, for he is a kind of dead Carcase; an excellent Lecture may be read upon his Body. Creditors peck out his Eyes, Lawyers flea off his Skin, and lap him in Parchment, and Goalers are the *Promethean* Vultures that gnaw upon his Liver till Death, only Death rids him of all Human Plagues at once. If any one asks of what Distemper he died; they may be answered Poverty, which is the most Grievous and Languishing of all the Catalogue of Infirmities; and a Halter in some Measure is preferable to it. He is gone where there is an Equitable Court of Conscience to summon his Creditors to; but 'tis thought they'll hardly appear there, for of all Conditions that ever were offered them, they never could endure to hear that of—*Christ pay you*; and may be when they come to that Bar, the Prisoner's Case will appear much the best of the Two,



FINIS.

